

# De La Soul Lyrics

## "Come On Down"

(feat. Flava Flav)

*[Flava Flav]*

Look man! You're botherin me G  
I got shit to do right now, aight?  
This is for De La Soul, y'knahmsayin?  
Word up I got shit to do you test tube baby! *[laughing]*

Check one two, check one two  
De La Soul, is now back on the map  
Long Island, is now back on the map  
Good rap music, is now back on the map  
Yo check one two, this is the voice of yours truly the Flava Flav  
And I just want y'all to know, we ain't goin nowhere  
Old school is here to stay BOY!

*[Posdonus (Flava Flav)]*

On the outskirts, of what works  
Live those who go for broke, and merk to get merked  
Live by the sword and die by the semi  
Not part of my ways, but stays right in my  
N.Y. mentality for me to be the best  
The current, the ones who weren't  
pressed, to confess lies over hot joints  
to sell to all who wanna hear some  
(Young'uns these days got fireproof eardrums!)

They don't give a SHIT who's hot  
Just long as you're not, pussy, and be the would-be King  
But once crowned, the same wanna pull you down  
(And what makes the world go 'round!!)

And I be the world renowned Wonder Why  
Wonderin why you can't stand me  
Is it because I'm the main Jackson  
and y'all just Titos and Randys? (Yes, it is!)

Bless the kid who hold his own head and expect to last  
At the same time, I want respect and cash  
And a few paragraphs in them books  
Tellin you how us Native Tongues made hits with no hooks  
Rapped in every prefixes, gave birth to rap remixes back in '88

No disrespect to Diddy just settin it straight  
Instead of zig-zaggin, got a degree in braggin  
My daughter says I'm a teen, cause like a teen  
my pants always saggin and I walk with a bop  
The *[?]* part of my time, I walked from my pop  
No longer on timey and was never on Loud  
But cooked rhymes that make the Chefs of Wu proud  
I'm top cloud to rain on your show  
And still "anything goes when it comes to hoes" because

*[Flava Flav]*

Music (c'mon) New York (c'mon) Detroit (c'mon) c'mon down!  
Miami (c'mon) L.A. (c'mon) Vegas (c'mon) c'mon down!  
Boston (c'mon) Tucson (c'mon) Long Island (c'mon) c'mon down!  
V.A. (c'mon) Portland (c'mon) Chi-Town (c'mon) c'mon down!

*[Dave (Flava Flav)]*

Make you shake like, sunshine, naked shoe was once mine  
Had bottom inner drawers and used to hit it from the mids  
Fix your playground player or some kids'll  
come stomp in your sandbox, swollen hands cocked back  
No knives, no drama, no guns  
No disrespectin your seed or Ma Dukes  
I puke rhyme and you laugh, take a sniff  
of these fricaseed raps on Carribean riffs  
See last night's change was today's dough money  
No time for your freestyles so roll money  
No more whack albums with two joints  
No more ballplayin rappers who shoot ya two points  
(No more G cause I'm sick of your hip-hop!)  
Your flows bore like seashores with no bitches  
Switchhittin niggaz will receive no pitches  
No diamonds on the field, just keep the game real  
simple, see the God flows healthy  
Wealth in the mind is like money in the bank  
Exchange cash like thoughts in conversation  
Thank you for your purchases, we dough out  
and roll out the Kool-Aid, [?] see us pimp strut  
Ain't really pimpin, I'm tryin to catch the bus  
The Krush Groove ain't got shit on Cold Crush!  
We dolly dolly babies cause we shootin cats  
'Back to the Future' rap with Doc Brown shotgunnin it  
And pantyhose your whole style and start runnin it  
You dudes fiddle while we stay on the cello  
The mush-in-your-room son, we stay portobello  
Can't settle for the same picket white fence  
I got dreams of barbed wire in front of factories pa  
Still push the truck with the factories pa  
I'm bound to wreck the whip and turn insurance out, make 'em shout

*[Flava Flav]*

D.C. (c'mon) Oakland (c'mon) U.K. (c'mon) c'mon down!  
New Orleans (c'mon) Little Rock (c'mon) B-More (c'mon) c'mon down!  
Memphis (c'mon) Utah (c'mon) Jersey (c'mon) c'mon down!  
Atlanta (c'mon) Brooklyn (c'mon) Philly (c'mon) c'mon down!

*[Flava Flav]*

Yeah that's right! Flava Flav, with De La Soul  
Act bold, and we knock you straight up in the hole  
Y'knahmsayin? Six feet deep, that's the way that we keep, rollin  
Y'knahmsayin? Operation tech sensation in the nation  
Ready to take it to Penn Station, y'knahmsayin?

Yeah, ah ha ha ha *[laughing]*  
Long Iz one is, that's where we is man *[laughing]*  
De La Soul, you done it again!  
De La Soul, you done it again! *[laughing]*  
De La Soul, you done it again! *[laughing]*  
Flava Flava, De La Soul, you done it again!